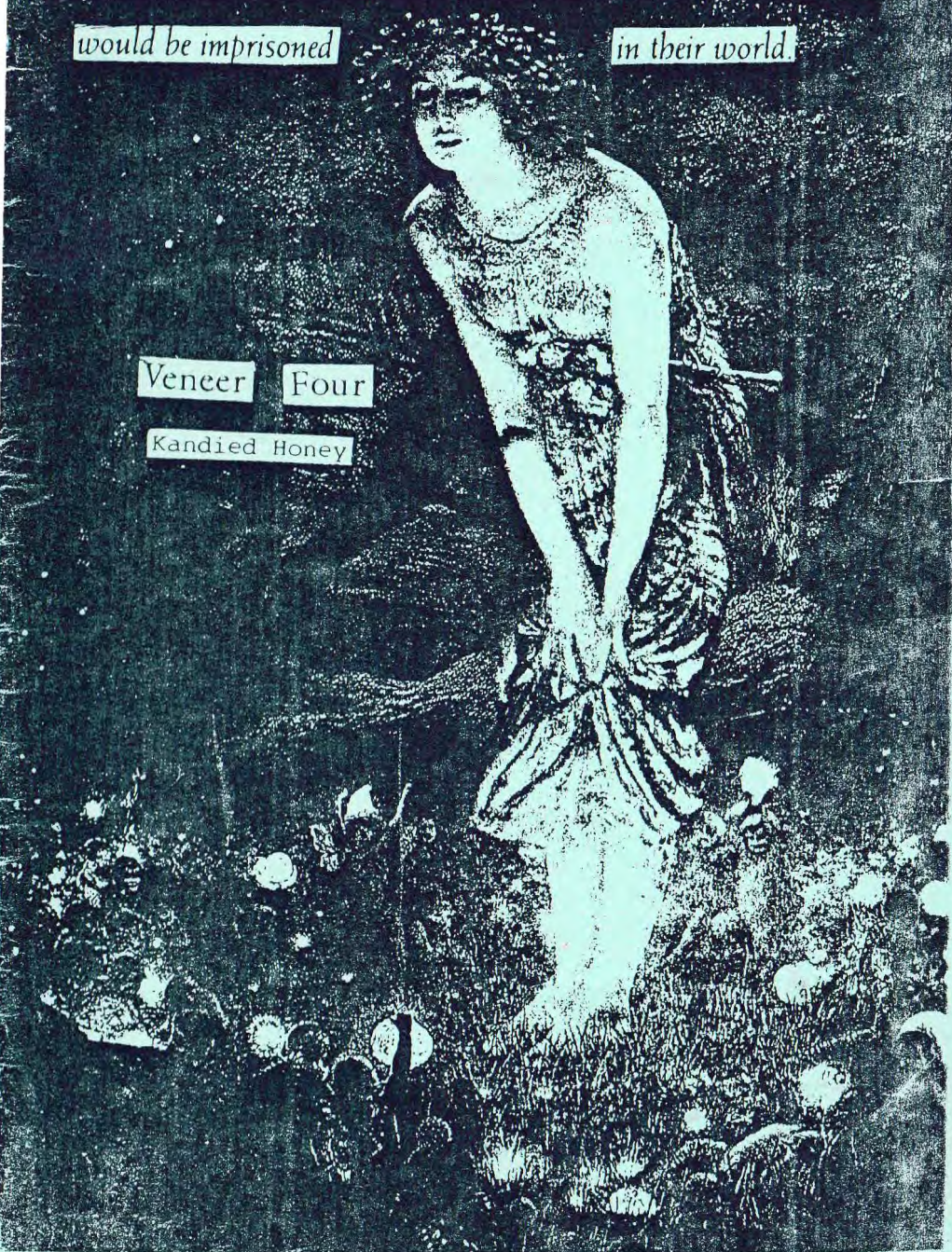


If on a summer's night a wreath of light glittered on the grass  
of a meadow, wise mortals drew away. The light was a fairy ring  
of elfin dancers, and the man or maid who stepped within its glow  
would be imprisoned in their world.

Veneer

Four

Kandied Honey

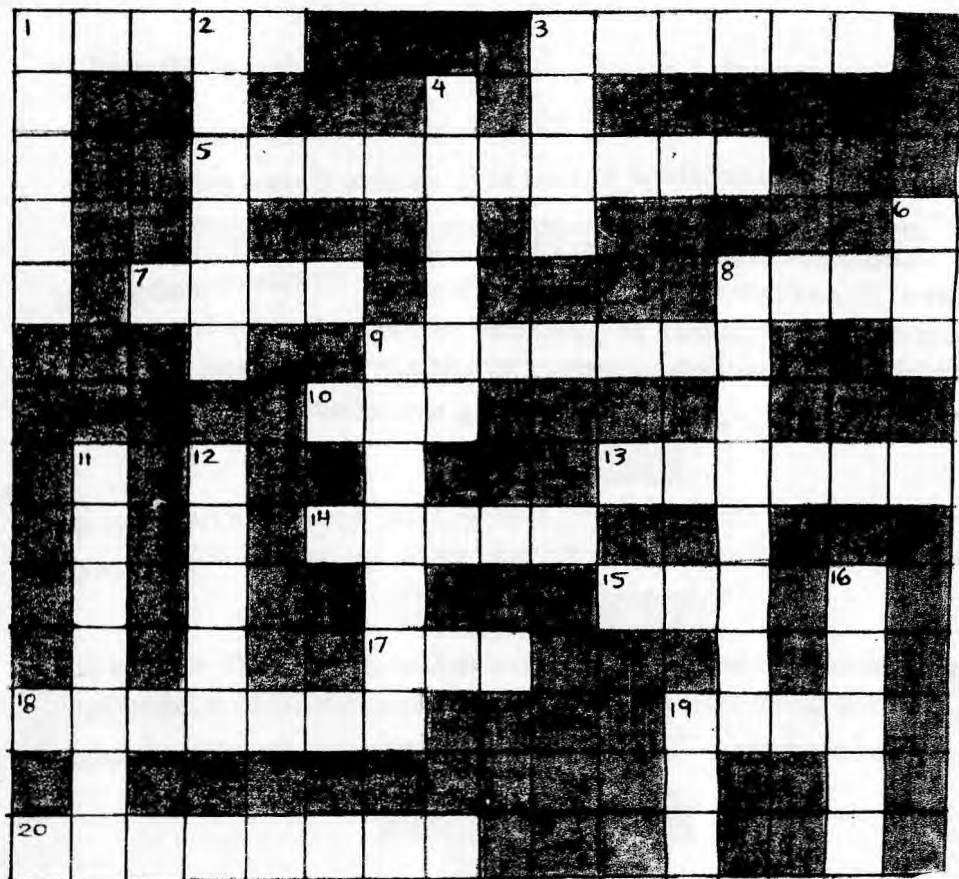






MEET TALULA

AND FORSYTHIA



# ACROSS

1. \_\_\_\_\_ Mab
3. "\_\_\_\_\_ my fancy"
5. Jem & the \_\_\_\_\_
7. \_\_\_\_\_ Knievel  
(x-band of K.Hanna)
8. Faerie \_\_\_\_\_ (story)
9. Betrayed Samson
10. \_\_\_\_\_ & Stimp
13. \_\_\_\_\_ Nation (book)
14. 7 year \_\_\_\_\_
15. A girl named \_\_\_\_\_
17. Pixy or faerie
18. Sugar \_\_\_\_\_ (x-band of  
K.Byelland, J.Finch, C.Love)
19. The \_\_\_\_\_ jar by Sylvia Plath
20. Leprechauns clover

# DOWN

1. ducks say \_\_\_\_\_
2. Island of \_\_\_\_\_ Women
3. Y Kant \_\_\_\_\_ Read
4. \_\_\_\_\_ Caulfield
6. \_\_\_\_\_ Baron (snoopy pilot)
8. the pudgy chipmunk
9. frequenter of a place
11. 7th day of rest & worship
12. "hearts ease"  
(flower nickname)
16. Valley of the \_\_\_\_\_
19. Pandora's \_\_\_\_\_



There's so much I want to say. This lump in my throat is growing every day and I choke on it and gag on it and even try to swallow it but it just sits there gathering

**forgive-never forget never ever forget**

more Hungerfearfrustration by the second, making it harder and harder to breathe. My hands can be so stubborn sometimes, never wanting to release it.

petunia She's hiding. Always crouched in the corner

**disappearing**

of the room that girl of mine. Her eyes are aching in wonderment. You fascinate her with yr smile. Watching

**this is my life**

em (them its always them) be taken, CHOSEN and led one by one onto the dance floor. In her hand is a bloody dripping mess. This gore-her gore- soaked in thick

**I'm fine I said**

**I'm fine**

crimson, soft and still beating. She holds it out to you as you walk by. Screaming, tho you can't hear her. Each time you pass her by, not even a look in her direction. Gore

**"you look so beautiful when you ignore me**

in hand her eyes begging. It creates a puddle on the her eyes begging

ground, it stains her new party dress. Nothing she can

**look away**

do will make you acknowledge her. Your laughter

yr LAUGHTER DROWNS OUT

drowns out her cries. Soon she is alone. Arm still

HER CRIES

outstretched. Gore still in hand. No longer beating.

**lies = protection**

halulah ☹

I've been feeling so strange lately. so hollow.  
yet also content. Is there a word for feeling two  
contradicting emotions at once? (bittersweet)  
I've been noticing this difference in myself.

A separation from everyone. I feel so deep and  
complicated and every day I notice some new level  
of myself. I'm losing faith in all my friends. I'm  
burning my friends with the light of mourning.  
It won't take long. My friends are only skin deep.  
And skin burns like mist. My friends are mist.

Would you just once Delilah?

I've dug and dug and there's a lack of blood  
I've found, a lack of substance. I'm sick of love  
and affection and I'm waiting for my paradise.  
My island, my home. I've realized I don't feel at  
home anymore in the presence of anyone.

Alone time is treasured time. My paradise has no  
questions. My paradise has trees that grow honey  
and flowers made of kandy and my paradise has an  
imaculate beach with white sand that doesn't  
stick to yr skin. I don't think I'll ever be happy  
here. I want to see the world. I want to lick snow.

I want to TASTE snowflakes on my tongue. I want to  
swim with dolphins. I want to hear my name being  
chanted. I want to live on my own. Even in a fucking  
van cause that's living, man, that's living. That's  
therapy. I WANT TO FEEL ALIVE! I want to feel alive.

Won't you just once, Delilah?

I want to visit European cemeteries and I want  
to buy a painting from a sidewalk artist and I want  
to see Stonehenge. My paradise is far from here.

don't you know? Delilah?

You'll travel the world with me and we'll call  
each other Sugar. We will hold hands and have to  
let go because of the electricity. & You know I never  
want to see you cold again, Sugar. I'll hear yr  
heartbeat strong and we'll look each other in the  
eye without fear and we'll know it's time, we'll  
travel the world hand in hand. we'll be together.

And we'll call each other Sugar.

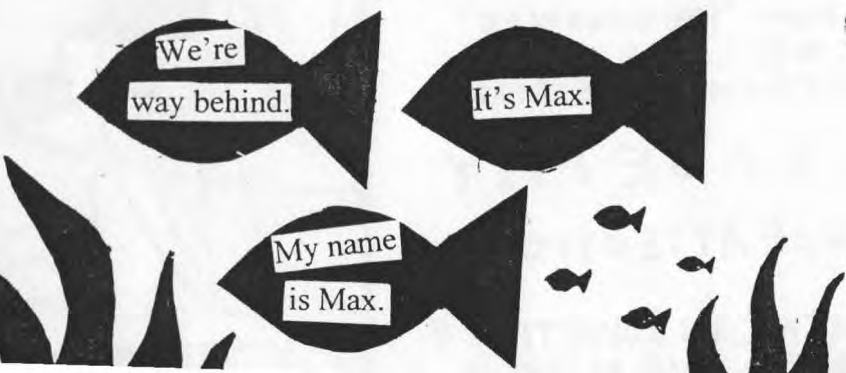
from the movie:



"I have this great fear that the moment we're supposed to meet will be forfeited. Maybe it already has been. I think I saw her on the subway yesterday. I saw her and I thought we were supposed to meet yesterday on the bus - she was supposed to sit down next to me, spill her soda on me and we were supposed to laugh, make a game of cleaning it up where we touch each other more than necessary, coincidentally get off at the same stop, get to talking and then there's the moment where she says "well?" like she feels dumb cuz we don't really even know each other and we've been talking like old friends and that's when I realize how excellent in every way she is and then we kiss right then in the street and it's a moment we talk about for years later - how we never believed in love at first sight till we met each other.

Instead some fat man got in the way. She was rushing for the bus and he waddled in front of her. She tried to go around him, spilled the drink she was supposed to spill in my eager lap on his indifferent shoulder. Then she missed the bus which had me on it with an empty seat next to me - oblivious - thinking about something like the texture of raisins and scraping at the chunk of gum sticking on the seat next to me. In fact I'm sure this is what happened. The whole fiasco probably both threw us way out of whack. Now our paths won't cross until years later when she's forgotten she's a dyke and she'll move in next door to me and I'll have a painful crush on her and she'll be sitting on her porch with her boyfriend and she'll wave to me. I'll be getting my mail and I'll get a little melt in my stomach when she waves and I'll trip over my cat and

stumble in a kind of three stooges way and she'll look away like she's embarrassed for me and I'll go inside and feel really dumb. Then her boyfriend will think I seem like I'd be fun and one morning when we bump into each other in front of my house he'll invite me to a shin-dig they're having. I'll go and play with my thumbs and give each woman a make over in my head-what if she wore baggy jeans, she'd be really cute if she cut off that perm and stopped jiggling so much. Then Dreamgirl would introduce me to someone. She'd say- this is Matt, she's my neighbor-. And I'll say -no actually it's Max, it's Max like where the wild things are. Then I'll walk home saying -its Max its Max my name is Max. We were supposed to meet on the bus 2 years ago. At this very moment we're supposed to be sitting on our couch together reading and playing tootsie absent mindedly. My name is Max. I want to borrow yr t-shirts and wake you up when I have bad dreams, burst into a smile when we're fighting cuz yr too adorable, pinch yr butt when yr walking up the stairs in front of me. Make up a name that only you call me. Make it something you'd be embarrassed to call me accidentally in public. Fall in love with me. We were supposed to meet so long ago.



# "DEATH TALKS ABOUT LIFE"

FROM THE COMIC:  
"DEATH: THE HIGH  
COST OF LIVING"  
ISSUES ONE-THREE  
INTRODUCED BY TORI AMOS  
CREATED BY NEIL GAIMAN &  
MIKE DRINGENBERG  
ILLUSTRATED BY DAVE MCKEAN  
DC COMICS VERTIGO

"DEATH" IS A MEMBER OF  
THEE ENDLESS AND SISTER  
TO DREAM, DESTINY,  
DESPAIR, DELIRIUM,  
DESIRE AND DESTRUCTION.

ALL FROM "THE SANDMAN"  
BY NEIL GAIMAN  
DC COMICS VERTIGO

PLEASE PAY  
CLOSE ATTENTION

DEATH CAN SOMETIMES  
BE PREVENTED  
ONLY YOU CAN SAVE YOUR LIFE

*for Aunt Darrin*





LISTEN UP. OVER THE LAST DECADE ONE DISEASE HAS BEGUN TO SPREAD AND MAKE ITS IMPACT FELT ACROSS THE WORLD. I'M TALKING ABOUT AIDS HERE. AIDS IS A SEXUALLY TRANSMITTED DISEASE. IT'S ONE OF A NUMBER OF THEM.

ANYWAY, AIDS STANDS FOR ACQUIRED IMMUNE DEFICIENCY SYNDROME. IT'S NOT A DISEASE THAT KILLS YOU. IT'S A DISEASE THAT DAMAGES YOUR BODY'S IMMUNE SYSTEM AND MAKES IT INCREASINGLY DIFFICULT FOR YOUR BODY TO FIGHT OFF DISEASE.

AND THE DISEASES YOU CATCH KILL YOU.

OKAY. LET'S TALK ABOUT HOW YOU GET IT. YOU CONTRACT AIDS BY EXCHANGING BLOOD OR SEMEN WITH SOMEONE WHO'S GOT IT.

GOT THAT? YOU CAN'T GET IT BY SHAKING HANDS, OR BEING IN THE SAME PLACE AS SOMEONE WITH AIDS.

YOU COULD EAT OFF THEIR PLATES, WEAR THEIR CLOTHES, WHATEVER.

AND YOU CAN'T TELL WHO'S GOT AIDS BY LOOKING AT THEM. SO DON'T KID YOURSELF THAT ONLY CERTAIN KINDS OF PEOPLE CAN GET AIDS. THE ONLY PEOPLE WHO CAN GET AIDS--ARE PEOPLE.

SKIN COLOR'S NOT IMPORTANT; NEITHER IS WHETHER YOU'RE A MAN OR A WOMAN, WHETHER YOU'RE GAY OR STRAIGHT, SICK OR WELL. AGE DOESN'T MATTER EITHER.

YOU GET IT  
FROM INTIMATE  
CONTACT.

THE HIGHEST RISK  
ACTIVITIES ARE DIRECT BLOOD  
TO BLOOD CONTACT--AS IN, FOR  
EXAMPLE, USING A SYRINGE NEEDLE  
SOMEONE ELSE HAS USED  
BEFORE YOU.

WHERE SEX IS  
CONCERNED, THE HIGHEST  
RISK ACTIVITY IS UNPROTEC-  
TED ANAL SEX.

UNPROTECTED  
VAGINAL SEX IS  
ALSO RISKY.

KISSING IS  
PRETTY SAFE.

HUGGING IS  
SAFE AS HOUSES.  
AND WRITING  
LETTERS IS ABOUT  
AS RISK-FREE  
AS YOU CAN  
GET.

HAVING SEX, IF YOU'RE  
KNOW WHAT ONE OF  
THESE IS.

IT'S A CONDOM.

YOU CAN  
PREVENT THE PENIS STORES. THEY  
COMING IN TOUCH WITH THE OTHER  
PERSON'S BODILY FLUIDS, AND  
PREVENT SPERM OR BLOOD  
FROM THE PENIS COMING IN  
CONTACT WITH THE OTHER  
PERSON'S BODY.

OKAY. I HAVE A  
VOLUNTEER HERE WITH  
ME TO DEMONSTRATE  
THE CORRECT USE  
OF A CONDOM.

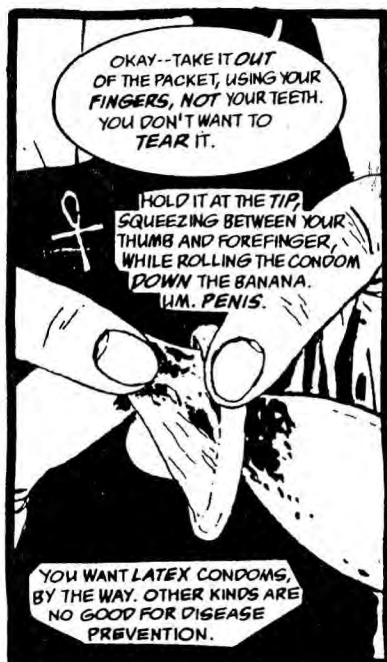
YOU  
CAN COME  
ON NOW.

HI JOHN.

THIS IS DEAD  
EMBARRASSING.


NONSENSE. BUT  
THIS DOES BRING ME NEATLY  
TO MY NEXT POINT, THERE IS A  
LOT OF EMBARRASSMENT  
CONNECTED WITH POSSESSING,  
PURCHASING AND USING  
CONDOMS. BUT WHICH WOULD  
YOU RATHER BE? A LITTLE  
EMBARRASSED OR A  
LOT DEAD?












OF COURSE, USING A CONDOM ISN'T THE ONLY METHOD OF SAFE SEX. THERE'S NON-PENETRATIVE SEX. THERE'S OTHER STUFF YOU CAN DO. HUGGING, FONDLING, PETTING, AMONGST OTHER THINGS.

RISK  
FREE


THERE'S HAVING A MONOGAMOUS RELATIONSHIP WITH SOMEONE WHO'S HAVING A YOU AND ABSTINENCE, OR CHASTITY. IF YOU DON'T WANT TO HAVE SEX, THEN DON'T. IT'S NOT THAT BIG A DEAL.

NOW, A FEW COMMON SENSE THINGS TO BEAR IN MIND. FIRST, ONLY HAVE SEX WITH PEOPLE YOU KNOW WELL. BUT EVEN THAT DOESN'T GUARANTEE COMPLETE SAFETY-- ONE OF YOU MIGHT ALREADY HAVE THE HIV VIRUS.

DON'T HAVE SEX WHILE UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF DRUGS OR ALCOHOL. THAT'S WHEN YOUR RESPONSIBILITY IS AT ITS LOWEST, AND WHEN MOST ACTS OF UN-PLANNED SEX OCCUR. PLAN AHEAD.



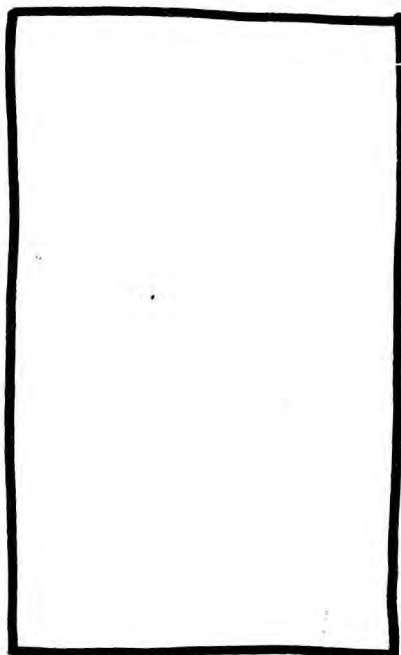
SEX CAN BE A REALLY NEAT THING. BUT IT'S REALLY NOT WORTH DYING FOR -- ESPECIALLY WHEN, BY USING A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF COMMON SENSE, YOU CAN LIVE A LONGER, HAPPIER, AND HEALTHIER LIFE.



IF NOT... WELL, I'LL BE SEEING YOU.

OH, AND OF COURSE, THERE'S ANOTHER SIDE EFFECT TO UNSAFE SEX. I MENTIONED IT AT THE BEGINNING.

IT'S CALLED LIFE.





So I admit it. I'm jealous, okay? I'm fucken green with envy. When I hear you broadcast yr band's success my stomach drops and My face feels flushed and all I want to do is scream FUCK YOU!!! God, fuck you all. Mommy and Daddums buy you a shiny new guitar or drumset and you go and write a bunch of meaningless shit "Punk" songs and make sure you tell all yr buddies about yr too cool band ; you gotta brag to everyone about it cuz after all you are the coolest shit around. Maybe you'll get a new amp for x-mas and then you can book shows all over the valley and grace even more people with yr punk rock brilliance. Perhaps after that you'll have the money to go to a studio and record all those oh so clever songs of yrs. You'll be a star You'll make mommy and daddy proud of their little boy. Do I sound defensive enough? I can't help getting pissed off about this. I can't help feeling resentment towards people my age who are receiving the acknowledgement that my friends and I should be receiving. I know so many kids (boys) that are in these lame boring bands just for the sake of being able to say they're in a band. They write songs about how they hate jocks or about pot or their goddam penises and they are idolized and envied by their friends. they're gaining fame. Meanwhile my band (my friends) are risking the little freedom they have and their fucking friendship to come to rehearsal a couple times a month. We don't even have our own amps and shit, getting a rehearsal together is a sneaky, stressful procedure in itself. Since we don't have our own equipment or transportation plaing a show is just a fuzzy dream. Why do we even bother having a band at all? you might ask, because it's the thought that keeps us going gives us something to fantasize about. We do this cuz we love it. On the rare occasion that we do get to practice we relish in every moment of it cuz we may just be dreamers but we're doing everything we can to make it a reality. I know our time will come eventually but it's hard to be patient and the anticipation is unbearable when we hear about all the bands who are up there on the stage that rightfully belongs to us. It's just not fucking fair.

FALLING IN LOVE in six acts: "A Passion Play"  
(or what happens when u fall down that long well of passion over a person, place, sport, game, belief and yr heart goes boom and yr mind leaves town)-Anonymous

### ACT 1: "LUST"

(I think i love u-Who r u anyway?)

Here it is. The big WOW. The big GEE. The big YESYESYES youve been waiting for. This is where u find sumthing or someone and believe they r bettergreatercuterwiser more wonderful than anything u have ever known. Lust isnt a sin. Its a necessity for, w/ lust as our guide, we imagine our bodies moving the way our bodies wr meant to move. We can do marathons w/ our feet, lift pounds w/ our arms, have stars in our eyes & do a nifty tango. And u think:

I have no need for food.  
I have no need of sleep. I have no needs other than occasionally chewing a breath mint. You are the best thing thats ever happyned to me, probably becuz u havynt happyned to me yet. Now i can pass into the next act so poetically called:

### ACT 2: "EUPHORIA"

(or: Oh.!! ippee. Yr mine)

You feel funny inside. You feel funny outside. You feel u cud do n-e-thing & no one wud dare laugh at u. THIS love u will treasure. You will not put it in the basement next to yr rowing masheen, treadmill & thermal body sweat wrap. And u will not take this love 4 granted becuz that is thee biggest sin of all. And u say:

I feel so good. I feel so strong. I feel actually attractive & i cud learn to live w/ that feeling. Oh let us sing & dance & eat brown mushy foods hi in fat!

Oh Joy! Oh Rapture!

Oh but what if im no good at this? I am a dingy spec on the wall of humynity & look how badly painted that wall is! I am becoming very very afraid. That must be becuz im passing in2 the third act called:

### ACT 3: "FEAR"

(also known as: Uh-oh)

This is where the doubt begins, where the mind comes back from shopping, yells at the heart, binds & gags it to a nice lounge chair & allows guilt, failure & remembrances of things past to sit in for a nice game of Bridge. This is where u fear what u need most. If its a person u love, u fear appearing foolish in front of them. If its a sport, u fear being foolish in front of many many people at the same time. And u begin to think:

Oh no. What if im wrong? What if this stinx?  
What if my heart has blinders on, its had  
blinders on b4, in fact it had dark heavy  
patches taped & nailed all over it. How can  
anyone love me if i dont love myself??? I  
mean, I love myself, there r just parts be-  
tween the top of my head & the bottom of  
my feet that cud use sum improvement. Im  
not demeaning myself, I have relatives who do that.

#### ACT 4: "DISGUST"

(and the strangest desire to eat evrything in  
site, hide in yr room & watch old Gidget movies  
w/ friends from high school)

Now comes that unavoidable time when u say to any1 who  
will lissyn: What the heck am i doing anyway?! If its a  
person u love, 1st u hate only their foulest inadequacys  
then u start hating their good points as well. If its  
running u love, u start to hate hills, sidewox & bad weather  
and anything that slightly resembles a hump, concrete or  
a small breeze.

I cant beleev i ever said i felt this way.  
I must have been dreaming! Wait, this is no  
dream, this is a film noir movie & one of those  
rilly dark ones too. I mean, this is love?  
This is what they tell u about when yr 11  
& naive? or 32 & more ncive?

#### ACT 5: "THE TRUTH"

(Love is hard work and sometimes hard work can  
really hurt)

Love is a game. If they didnt tell u b4, we will tell u  
now. Love is a game & if u play u either win, lose or  
get ejected b4 the game is over. There r no ties.  
Maybe youll lose & learn sum great meaningful lessyn  
from it all (like if it loox too good to be true, it is).  
Its ez to love sumthing when u dont have to work at it.  
Its harder when it asks sumthing of u. u just mite be  
afraid to give. Give it anyway.

The heart is thee most resilient muscle.  
It is also the stupidest. So if this is  
love youve found is good 2 u, hold it,  
keep it, shout about it. If it isnt, then  
mayke u shud just becum very good frenz.

#### ACT 6: "THE FINALE"

(also known as the big whopperdoodle or the most  
importynt part of this whole darn thing)

So this is love, as demanding & nourishing & difficult  
as it can be & as strong & wise as it makes u becum.  
There is sumthing 2 be gained from commitment. There r  
rewards 4 staying when u wud rather leave. And there is  
sumthing 2 be sed 4 running up that hill when u wud rather  
slide down it. And so u let love come perch upon yr sholder.  
And you do not turn it away.

You do the tango.



FOO IS OUT

TO LUNCH.

For all you XENITES...

We went to the XENA convention (arent we silly?)  
in January. We met & received the Jane Handcocks of  
Lucy Lawless ("Xena"-And Oh my Goddess did we melt  
under those baby blues!) and Hudson Leick ("Callisto"-  
quite a sweet kittenish lady).  
We adore this show & you MUST watch it  
and support yr local warrior princess!!  
(SAT.Ch.5,9pm)

\*actual photo of Lucy  
\*\*of Hudson








STARRING  
Y. J. LAWLE


# In a Good Cause

EDWARD SOREL


WHEN WE  
BOMBED BLACK  
CHURCHES THEY  
CALLED US RACISTS




WHEN WE BOMBED THE CUBAN  
MISSION THEY CALLED US  
TERRORISTS



NOW WE BOMB BIRTH CONTROL  
CENTERS AND ABORTION CLINICS...




WHEN WE SET FIRE TO  
SYNAGOGUES THEY CALLED  
US NEO-NAZIS



THANK GOD WE  
JOINED THE  
RIGHT-TO-LIFE  
MOVEMENT...  
THEY SHOWED  
US THE  
ERROR OF  
OUR WAYS



...AND WE'RE  
CALLED DEEPLY  
RELIGIOUS.



Im not saying what i believe is true.It is simply what i believe.

Three other day, this boy ive never met who thinks he has the right to talk to me becuz i have purple hair ast me if i believe in God(the look in his eyes suggested that becuz i have dyed hair and listen to rock i must be in league w/ Satan). "yes but not the God expresst in the Bibull" "Who then, Satan?" he said(Anti-God does not mean Pro-Satan, u ignoramus). "No" "What God then?" "A God without wrath"(i saw the blank expression of a person searching their empty the-lights-r-on-but-no ones-home mind for the definition of a word they should already know the meaning ~~hops~~so i simplified my statement for the simpleton & said A God w/o anger). He said the God in the Bible doesnt have anger. "Have u ever READ the Bibull?" no. "Then how would YOU know what it says?"(duh...)So he ast me where my God was.I said "not on Earth"(i kind of regret this now becuz i do believe that God is in everything so God,there4,must somehow exist on Earth But i dont believe that physically God would exist in such a place). "In the heavens?" he ast."possibly" Then he told me repeatedly that i was "weird". "Why?"i replied"becuz i believe in a God without wrath,that makes me 'weird'?"That ended the conversation.

Now lately it has seemed that Religious and Prejudice go hand in hand. I know this boy.His daddy taught him about God. His daddy taught him about religion.His daddy taught him how to say "nigger" and "faggot"(just writing those words makes me feel dirty).He takes pride in his ability to quote the Bibull.He tries to belittle me w/ his self-righteous Holier-than-thou attitude. I tell him there is no SOLID proof that anything in the Bibull actually happened&he starts rambling about how all this Pre-judgment day stuff is starting to happen(like an increase in natural disasters, etc.)but i could sit down right now & write a book about the future & 1/2 of my predictions could come true but it doesnt make me HOLY.

So i ask him to give me facts.Make me a believer. Come on,enlighten me.I dare u.He can only quote the Bibull.THE BIBULL IS NOT A HISTORY BOOK.THE BIBULL IS NOT A HISTORY BOOK.He is thee most immature,juvenile disrespectful,prejudice boy i have evermet(AND thee most religious).He smokes like a chimney.Hes been arrested & lost his virginity at 14.He thinks all Muslims "hate whitey".He thinks 2 gay womyn r a "turn-on" & yet 2 gay men r "wrong" "disgusting"&"not the way God intended them to be"(he said "thee ass is not a hole meant for the dick".I said "neither is the mouth").Why?"The Bibull says so."

Yeah.Preach on,Brotha man.

My only real prejudice is against prejudice people. I am intolerant of intolerance.Prejudice is unjustified. We r all the same underneath.We r all skin&bones&goo.

"Well i think the good book is missing some pages"  
-Tori Amos



We all hurt, burn, breathe, bleed, ache, long, dream.  
We all put our leather on one piece at a time.  
We all need love. Now im not saying u should respect everyone u meet (cuz respect should be earned) but u shouldnt DISrespect everyone either (that should also be earned). Im saying that everyone deserves the chance to earn respect. Regardless of skin colour, wealth, religion, race, clothes, etc. Im saying dont judge based on irrelevant issues. If u judge prematurely u could miss out on some great friendships.

U know everytime i want to discuss religion, it always seem to bring me to the issue of sexuality. I just dont understand what yr love preference has to do w/ yr religion, yr beliefs, yr God. They shouldnt be related. But they r. "A man that sleeps next to another man should be put to death". Now, slt off, it just says: "next to" not "with"-how can that be a crime? second, what about two womyn? This just confirms my belief that the Bibull was invented by man. BY man FOR man. Typically, heterosexual men r the most intolerant of 2 gay men & yet 2 gay womyn r the fantasy of most het men. Could this be why the Bibull doesnt mention gay womyn? Could this be becuz the Bibull is man-made? (AMEN?) & God is often referred to as HE or FATHER (never MOTHER) but a TRUE GOD has NO GENDER.

3rd i ask: Why would God create people that should just "be put to death"? Why would God prohibit & forbid LOVE? If HeSheThey r gay, why does that concern u? If HeSheThey arent hurting anyone or anything then how can they be "sinning"? How can any form of true love be worthy of DEATH?

4th, The Bibull says "Love thy enemy" & gays are obviously seen as some sort of enemy so shouldnt u love them? or just lovethem as u watch them die?

And theres all these Bibull-happy "pro-lifers" everywhere that r KILLING abortion doctors & bombing clinics & then claiming its ok cuz the Bibull says so. (next thing u know theyll be claiming self-defense) These people r ANTI-CHOICE-not "pro-life". Now im not saying i approve of or even like abortion (it should be seen as a last resort NOT a birth control method) but its OUR bodies OUR lives OUR choice & OUR right & in some cases its necessary & justified.

Now millions of fetuses r aborted every year. Just think of how many more people there would be in the world if they had all been birthed. And i know that this is a horrible way to look at it but Earth is already incredibly overpopulated so (awful as it sounds), abortion is, in a bizarre sense, a way of balancing things out.

And what is all of this "Oh we're good God-fearing people" crap? I completely disapprove of God-fearing. You shouldnt worship out of fear (Be afraid. Be very afraid). U should worship out of love (if u must worship at all). God should exist in yr HEART not in some church or temple or only on yr knees. God is a feeling an emotion a closeness. Religion is a trap. It threatens u tricks u & guilts u into believing. (If Jesus "died 4 our sins" then why r we still paying 4 them?) And why do all of the Religion obsesst feel the need to fucking RECRUIT people, like its some sort of cult?

Beliefs should not be taught. FACTS should be taught. Then, based on those facts, each individual should be

allowed the freedom to CHOOSE what they believe.

God is an opinion. God is a belief. Not a fact. Religion isn't for everyone. Just because the majority believes in Christianity, that doesn't make it right & that doesn't make it true. The power shouldn't lie in the quantity of believers but in the quality of the beliefs. Besides, how do we know that the 'Bibull' wasn't written by the Devil in God's clothing?

Did u know that in the beginning only priests were allowed to read the Bibull? Then someone (a man) decided to translate it for the people. The Bibull was not originally written in English. It has been translated into numerous languages, as we all know from playing "operator" (where u sit in a circle & whisper a message from one person to another & it ends up completely different when it reaches the other end), that, when translated, meanings are lost, confused & misunderstood. & 4 God's sake, I hope that this is the case because I would hate to think that any true GOD would really promote this mind-fucking behaviour. I doubt this is how GOD intended things to be. If I was God, I would be ashamed. Ashamed of the way my name is being dishonored & used as weaponry. It is purely disgusting the way people use God & the Bibull to redefine their EVIL as HOLY & use religion as an excuse to hate, to judge & to kill. U will never convince me that the Lord Almighty approves and condones this.

& u know, God just doesn't talk to people like he used to. Where is this old mighty voice from Heaven? This leads me to believe that maybe there was a bad batch of LSD going around in those olden days. If someone said GOD spoke to them these days they'd be committed. "What? God is speaking to u? ok, why don't u come w/ me dear? I think there's a nice little seat at Bellview just for you."

And now I come to my conclusion. Look, nature is REAL. W/o nature none of us would be alive. THAT is HOLY. Nature creates miracles. Nature heals. U can count on nature. No matter what tragedies u face in life, the sun will always rise & set. The moon & stars will always guide u. Trees will always grow. Rivers will always flow. Birds will always sing. These are FACTS. This is REAL. This is solid. This is something u can count on & trust. Why worship a fantasy, a vision, an ideal when u can believe in something u can Feel Touch Smell Taste See & Hear?

I am a bit agnostic. I do believe in a God but I don't see any way to prove that one exists. My God lies in my heart, in nature, in u, in me, in everything. My God is not blind or prejudiced or judgmental.

My God is unconditional Love and happiness.

My God is peace. ~ 4 Seasons

*I once knew this girl who thought she was God.  
She didn't give sight to the blind  
or raise the dead. She didn't even teach anything,  
not really, and she never  
told me anything I probably didn't already know.*

*On the other hand, she didn't expect  
to be worshipped, nor did she ask for money.*

*I don't know, maybe she was God. Her name was Sati  
and she had blonde hair and blue eyes.*

*For all who meet her, Sati will change everything.  
Sati may change everything for you.*

**-SATI-** by Christopher Pike

You must read this!

A gem

of a hook.



*You won't be the same  
once you meet her.*

## EPILOGUE

I own a Bible. Well it isn't actually mine. It belonged to an 8th grade friend who gave it to me in a poor attempt to convert and enlighten me. I read it from time to time. Sometimes I am compelled. I honestly don't believe I turn to it by choice but by some hidden connection to Pandora. I want to know what it claims. I want to give this Lord Almighty the benefit of the doubt. I want to find something worth believing, some reason why so many find it so meaningful. I want to keep my mind open. I want to understand. And I must admit there is something powerful to me about the Bible. I am afraid to treat it badly, get it dirty, use it as a coaster or a doorstop. I could never rip out a page & wipe my ass with it. But the power honestly feels more evil than divine. I've found that when I read this "holy" book I actually feel disconnected from God. The more I read the more I disbelieve in any purity this book is said to have. I read today about Samson (because I love Delilah). He lost all of his Hercules strength when his head was shaved. And I read about Sodom & Gomorrah (the 2 towns that the Lord rained down burning sulfur on because the inhabitants were gay). A man named Lot let 2 angels into his home & when the men of Sodom saw this they went to his door & said "where are the men who came to you tonight? Bring them out to us so that we can have sex with them." To this Lot replied, "NO, my friends. Don't do this wicked thing. Look, I have two daughters who have never slept with a man. Let me bring them out to you and you can do what you like with them but don't do anything to these men." Then all the men of Sodom were struck with blindness and Lot and his two daughters fled to another town while Sodom & Gomorrah were destroyed (his wife turned to salt when she looked back as she was fleeing). That night the 2 daughters decided to "preserve their family line through their father" so they got him drunk then slept with him while he lay unaware and had his sons. Why is this HOLY? please explain to me how this could even be a PART of something HOLY. I find I am afraid. I am afraid of this man-made God. This vengeful God that will only love you IF you do this or IF you do that but never NO MATTER WHAT. I don't understand why anyone would WANT to believe in a God like that. It all sounds like superstition to me. And I'm not saying that none of it ever happened (at the very most I'll say it could be BASED on a true story) but it is all told word for word and you KNOW stories change when they are retold based on the person's perception of what took place. And why don't things like that happen anymore? God doesn't talk to people like a fucking therapist anymore. God doesn't burn down cities. People don't turn to salt. For all we know it was just an erupting volcano. And I know people that are religiously brainwashed and Bible-happy that are pro-choice & have premarital sex like bunnies. I mean the way I figure, if you're gonna follow the Bible, at least, follow it all. Don't talk of how we all need to follow every word to save ourselves but then create your own exceptions like obsessive church-goers & priests are allowed to sin & police officers are allowed to break the law. At least keep your bullshit consistent, you know?



I just think the Bible should stop being taught as FACT  
& acknowledged for what it is-FICTION,BELIEF,a story  
based on pudding and nothing concrete.  
Anyway im tired of discussing this and defending myself  
& trying to prove my case like im on fucking trial.  
Maybe you agree and maybe you dont but if you disagree  
it better be based on something concrete cause i dont  
think i could stand another Bible quote.  
I just wish i didnt want to reach you so badly.  
Reach you all.Like my voice my feelings my thoughts are  
worth anything.I mean  
what makes me think you should even care what i think?

### ISCARIOT

We're all circles circles in  
search of rose ribbons  
to wrap around the wrap around  
and adorn our reflections  
With thorns we let you cover our eyes  
and here again is 61  
over and over chanting past hours  
to deliver us from sleep  
and i could have gone without  
13 in the morning  
and sky after sky fire after fire  
the devil prays  
in your biretta  
this time in your holy black habit  
as demons dance  
sweet on the spire  
now bow down down  
on your knees for a savior  
on your knees for a savior  
Hail hail Magdalene  
born on this day in 1616  
Rise from your bed  
and smile that smile  
so sweet  
Oh rise from your knees and  
Hail another Mary  
Gold falls to the hands of  
the deserving  
Flesh of my flesh Bone of my bone  
Salem invoked once again  
To reflect on your red letter robe  
And all will pray to your vision  
As the dead lead the living to an  
endless confession  
And here fell his kingdom of gold-plated  
from a heaven invented metal  
for their kind alone  
And Judas wept Judas wept Judas wept  
none there knew of the other

# Christians preach from chat room to chat room

Christian evangelists are surfing the Internet to spread the Gospel and engaging nonbelievers in a war of words.

Bible passages are showing up on electronic bulletin

boards that are not necessarily dedicated

to religious topics and electronic mail is flying back and forth between believers and nonbelievers.

Internet newsletters are spreading fundamentalist religious messages and Jesus is showing up as a topic on on-line chat groups.

"Jesus and his disciples traveled from village to village spreading their message. I can see this as a modern version of that."

simple! easy!  
do-it-yourself!

## HOW TO TURN YOUR CROSS INTO A SWORD

Materials needed:  
Wooden cross, knife

1. CARVE A 45° ANGLE  
INTO ONE SIDE OF  
YOUR CROSS

2. CARVE A 45°  
ANGLE INTO THE OTHER  
SIDE OF YOUR CROSS  
AND WAH-LA!

Doubles as  
a STAKE!

Holy blood

Flowing from the mouths  
Of the blessed  
And catch the blood  
Until i rest  
Upon the cross  
That condemns  
And from your hands  
Flames rise and bless

My skin and steal my breath

Judas

Rise and confess  
Your secret name  
Upon his flesh  
And burn your prayers

Again beneath yourself  
And i will forever  
Brave the stake  
You claim for me

Father  
Guide your swords  
Like crosses  
Unto her faith

With the same hands that pray

The same hands that pray

And worship only  
who i say who i say  
or stand to lose

And take your friends

Take your friends

As slaves

If they refuse

Oh endless am i endless

Lord

When rubies rubies

Lay upon her ashes

And whether we rise or burn

We all return to dust

THIS COULD BE MY FINEST HOUR *Calvin*

This was going to be about how it's so rare to find another girl who is in/ wants to be in a band or who wants to be a musician at all, but there actually ARE alot of girls/womyn in bands who are successful. I could name a dozen of them just off the top of my head. There's a fucking lot of bands out there period. It's true that I'm more interested in bands with women in them than I am all male bands. In fact, I hardly listen to boy bands at all. I admit it. When I hear about a new band my first thought is- are there women in it- and if not I'm completely turned off. I go into record stores purposely seeking out only girl bands and I'll even buy a record of a band I don't even like that much just cuz they are women and I want to support them. I'm fully aware of this prejudice of mine and I know I'm probably doing the same thing alot of boys do when they only listen to male bands. I resent that people act like I'm this extremely close-minded person for only liking female bands when almost every mother fucker I know only listens to male bands. You see, all these "oh so punk" kids dress up in bondage pants and 500 safety pins and show off their buttons and patches for every "known" punk band in existence and you hardly ever see anyone with an L7 or Babes shirt or button. The whole punk stereotype is so limiting, like if you don't fit the mohawk-dyed hair-pierced everywhere-chains-combat boots-decomposing clothes-dirty-smelly always pissed off image yr not considered punk. FUCK THAT.

## **"PUNK IS NOT A FASHION STATEMENT"**

Most punks are as fake and ignorant as all the people they brag about hating

I don't know if I even consider myself to be punk but I could wear a fucking mid-riff top and have clean hair and make-up on and still be punk. To me, punk rock is about FREEDOM. It's about DIY and knowing you have the power to do anything.. It's knowing you have the ability to be in a band and write a zine and put on a show w/out being some professional musician or writer or whatever. It's about taking ACTION and voicing yr opinion and knowing that everything won't ever be exact

ly. like it should be but trying anyway cuz you DO fucken care and bitching about how everything sucks but never doing anything about it is pointless.

And another thing is that I fucking can't stand bands that exist merely for the ego-stoking and fame. Almost everyone I know who is in a band is in it just to show off how cool they really are. I refuse to listen to or have any respect for a band that writes songs about their fucking dick or getting high or how much they hate jocks or anything stupid and meaning less like that. A band like that has no real passion and love for what they're doing. I want a band/performer with aggression and anger and I want to get that chill up my spine. REAL PASSION. I want ENERGY and rage and love and I want to be CAPTIVATED. You can tell when a performer is doing it for the notoriety and when they're doing it cuz they HAVE to cuz its in their heart and soul it IS their heart and soul and they NEED to release it - not for the money, not to get signed to record label but to SURVIVE to maintain sanity. Passion is Tori Amos singing "Me and a Gun", its Kat screeching Dust Cake Boy, Lori pounding those drums till her hands are bleeding, Kathleen belting out Sugar, Courtney (think what

#### SHE SCREAMS ALL THOSE THINGS NEVER SAID

you want about her , you can't deny the power of that woman's voice) screaming in Babydoll, Corin Tucker on Im not Waiting, I know I'm leaving out a hundred people but you get the idea. And of course this is nothing more than my opinion. I just dont understand how someone can write a song as a joke. I dont listen to music to be humored. I could never write about a subject I didnt feel strongly about or that didnt affect me in some way. Maybe that's why I dont like very many boy punk bands. I've never heard a song by a male band that had any significance to me or my life. I'm sure there are some boy bands that I could relate to but I have yet to discover them. (maybe you could recommend a few?) I just can't help being disgusted by all these people who are making money off of becoming famous for being morons. I'm not saying that every song has to be about some huge issue for me to like it, I'm saying that a song has to have some sort of significance to it or at least to me to find any real value in it.



## CIRCLE OF SISTERS

I've lost count of the days      Its all the same in darkness  
Its been night forever      We spent years with only pictures  
So come now      We are all alone      We spent centuries captured  
With our knees pressed to our mouths  
We sing ourselves to sleep      To forget your hands  
For the love of honey      For the love of honey  
We gather moments to deliver      Our devotion  
to this hunger      For myself and  
for the one with      whom i yearn  
As we lure in      new blood  
And welcome      the  
sweet breath      Of beauty to      become  
A circle of sisters  
A circle of sisters  
I've been saving heat      To offer to the winter  
I create her in pieces      And we save ourselves For  
each other only      As we      cry ourselves to sleep  
And if you'll leave      Then you can stay      I reach  
for myself      I reach for myself      As we search for love  
Where only hate remains      And in the flood      Buried in my skin  
You find yr perfect reflection      We cry over our bodies  
(Together to be free)      My wounds need expression      I suffer  
myself      I suffer myself      And i only believe      In the one thing  
I could never be      So we carry torches      In honor of each other  
And in your voice      I cherish hope      For the love of you  
For the love of you      And on this night      We name ourselves  
After flowers to become      A circle of sisters  
A circle of sisters

I want to marry Tori Amos.

I want to sing hr hr favorite lullabyes until she falls asleep then i'll sleep to hr breath. I want to

wake up before hr every morning & watch hr eyelashes flutter as she dreams hr sugar plum dreams.

Everday i want to be the first one to see hr smile.

I want hr little red hairs on my pillow. I want hr scent

on my clothes. I want to bring hr herbal

tea and spicy pudding when shes sick

in bed. Our bed. I want to come home to

the sound of hr tickling those ivories.

I want hr to be my Valentine. My easter bunny. My secret Santa.

My Christmas Angel. My pumpkin. I want to get fucking drunk

off hr favorite wine w/ hr & stare at hr thru intoxicated

lovers eyes. I want to bring hr haagendaaz ice

cream & hold hr & tell hr shes beautiful when shes sad.

want to be why shes happy. I want to be a song of hrs. I want

to be Mrs. Amos. I want to say "meet my wife tori." I want

to raise children w/ hr named after our favorite

flowers. I want to call hr angel and have hr call me sugar.

I want to put flour on the tip of hr nose when we're

baking cookies And she isnt the type to fret about those extra couple pounds

from the

shes hr. No.

"isnt this

WOULD be cute

in the spring

the winter. I could

hr warm when shes cold. I could make

We could count each others wrinkles & gray hairs as we

grow old together. I could hide love letters around the house

for hr to find. I could touch hr heartbeat thru hr skin.

I would tell hr i love hr in a different way everday.

I would treat hr like the priceless gem that she is.

I would marry Tori Amos.

DANDY

"I do sound

FOXY CRIMSON-HAIRED vixen

like the little

My songs are alive,

mermaid

goddess

on acid"

Tori's audience loves her because she speaks to

them. Not from a pedestal, but as if cross-legged on

their floor, smoking all their cigarettes and sipping

... during some late-night chat session.

"I'd like to think that my work has multi-dimensional," says Amos. "That I

can change a pair of shoes in the

middle of the song and it's OK. That

there is no structure that says I

have to wear the same pair all the way through. As long as I've got

feet, it's all right."

ASYTHIA

I (we) can honestly say that we are completely incapable of understanding, respecting, or relating to anyone who has a relatively high level of self-esteem/confidence/love etc. We find that once we discover that someone we at one time liked or had respect for has any form of an ego we are totally turned off and any talent we thought they had is no longer there. If I read a story or poem or hear a song I like and then realize that the writer thinks they're all brilliant and talented I can't like that song or whatever anymore. It loses something. I can't support someone's narcissism. Modesty is a very admirable quality. I think it's a crucial aspect of an artist or creator. I find it intriguing when a favorite writer/performer of mine isn't particularly proud of their work. It's usually the self-loathing artists that are the real geniuses. It's the people who are the most dissatisfied with themselves and their work that I truly adore.

If I think someone is pretty or attractive and then discover that they think so too or they have any awareness of their beauty at all, they automatically become the ugliest person to me. Maybe you think it's strange that I consider insecurity to be a virtue, hell it probably is a tad unusual, but I do it subconsciously. The whole attitude of someone who thinks they're great repulses me. "If you do something too good you start to show off and then yr not as good any more". I don't mind if a person has some confidence in themselves and what they do just as long as they don't overdo it and act like they're superior to everyone else. And I can't fucken stand competition. I know so many boys who have to try to make everything into a goddam football game. They have to be better than everyone else, they have to defend their little boy egos and prove how truly great they think they are. I do the things I do because I enjoy doing them, not because I want to flaunt my talent. You can learn so much if you stop.

comparing yrself to others and just do yr best and learn from other people's talents. Why do people always want to tear each other down?

Eatulah B

## LOVE AND LET LOVE

I am so sick of people labeling bisexuals as just "indecisive". I think everyone in the world is bi. EVERYONE has the ability to love ANYONE. Why would I look at someone and say "I can't love u becuz of yr body"? Yr a taco and I chose hot dogs. sorry.

LOVE IS NOT A CHOICE.

I could love anyone and I WILL love anyone. And any gay person out there who condemns me for it can suck me becuz that is so hypocritical. Gays r fighting this battle of "accept me for me, not my sexuality" and then they turn around & condemn someone for the very same issue. So, to those of u that r gay that condemn bisexuality, think of all of these ignorants who condemn homosexuality. Just becuz u don't believe in it doesn't mean it doesn't exist. No one's asking you to like it.

True love has No Boundaries No Limits No colour & No Body Type. It is just the same as judging someone for being fat or being asian, etc. You can't choose what is chosen for you. You can't control yr chromosomes or genes. Yr XX & I chose XY. Sorry. Tough beans. True love is not about a pretty face or a body part (or lack thereof).

LOVE ME FOR ME NOT MY BODY.

Real beauty lies within

yr heart & soul.

Within yr eyes & yr hands.

It's in the way u hold me

just the way I

need to be held

& in the way u

make me feel safe

when I think I'm dying.

It's in the way u

wipe away my tears

& make me laugh & give me tulips

just becuz it's Tuesday and u like my smile.

Love isn't about lust. It's about transcending all

barriers. Love should be divine & unconditional. The

body is just a condition. A facet. A temporary vessel.

DON'T TELL ME WHO I CAN LOVE.

When I finally do fall in love,

it will be with the person's SOUL.

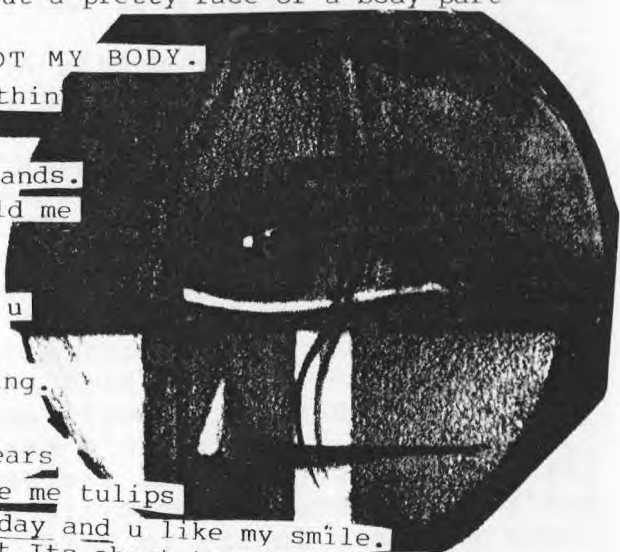
I don't care what body that soul

happens to be (trapped) in.

The body is temporary. The soul is forever.

Accept me for me, not my sexuality.

~4SYTHIA





Be still my heart.Be still.Be still.

I ache.I ache so i cannot eat,and in that case perhaps i should welcome thee).

Be still my gut.Be still my self.Be still.

I pray for numbness on nights such as these.

And if i grant thou thy story,will ~~##~~ thou laugh or will thou ~~wee~~ sigh?for i weep but only ask thatthou deny laughter and proceed with empathy.

For she has been awakened.Oh she has been awakened.

And i beg of thou to shove a gag of cloth into hr mouth for she flows and flows and must be stilled for one cannot flow forever but soon be empty.

And thee does wish to keep a token of thyself and some loves are best kept secret for thou does find humourous some hearts and i wish not to be that heart.

For it beats so loud and painful and threatens to shatter thee.So if thy heart does explode from such rapid beating that the dead is sureto hear,i do pray it leaves a permanent stain on thine eyes and in thine mind.

Oh how i pray thou is haunted by thee and cannot lift the veil and forever carries a torch for thee.

But ~~##~~ also do i pray that it mustnt come to that.

That i or thou awakens before the curtain falls.

Oh but waiting in blindness is the roughest recreation.

But since thy blindfold seems nailed i put thy life on hold.for hope.Tho,well i know,thou keeps time close and dear with her and not just i.But still hope does live on.I beg thou not to mark hr days with hearts but to save thou hearts for i.

Oh dreadful day!Oh suffocating tears!Oh useless love!  
I stand forgotten.

Her ears now hear my words.I sleep in oblivion while she sleeps in yr bed.Thy lips grow dry and cracked from neglect while thou keeps hr lips warm and loved.

And yet still i put thy life on hold for hope.

Oh how i dream to smash hr,to claw and tear hr limb from limb then rejoice and drink hr putrid blood like wine and be thanked ~~##~~ and honored by thou.

Its been too long.Oh its been too long since his voice has danced upon thy ears and whispered the words i long to hear.For hr ears now hear my words.

Oh i think death has taken thy hope by hand.

For my heart does sink and die with this but even tho death has taken thy hope,i still mourn.

For within hope,eternal life does dwell.

Alright, say what you will about Riot Grrrl. I'm not speaking for anyone but myself here and I'm not trying to start any arguments about what Riot Grrrl means. I know what it means to me and maybe my opinion of it will change in a year or month and maybe it won't. Everyone has their own personal reasons for why or why not they consider themselves part of an organization and I'm not preaching to anyone here. Now this is all coming from someone who has never been to a meeting or convention or any Riot Grrrl gathering. While R.G. was at its initial climax I was reading YM magazine and listening to gangsta rap. I didn't start getting into RG until it was already exploited by the media and you could buy baby-tees with "bitch" and "slut" on them and cheerleaders were wearing baby barrettes. But when I got my first stash of grrrl zines I instantly fell in love with the movement. It was ingenious. I couldn't believe that something like this really existed, that there were girls who actually thought that way. It was riveting. And it took a-

while to understand it; for it all to sink in. But when it did my heart swelled with the idea of GLAD LOVE and I wanted to go find all these grrrl revolutionaries and give them all a big hug and tell them how much I love and admire them. I felt like they had exposed a part of me that I didn't even know existed. This wasn't Shakespeare, it was as raw as you could get, no insightful analogies or cute rhymes just EVERYTHING- anger so fierce you could feel it in yr belly, emotion so strong you could taste their tears, love so powerful you could feel yr cheeks flush, and strength so incredible that you could feel it

growing inside you. It was "Revolution Grrrl Style Now" and it was HAPPENING. Everyone had something to say. But where did it all go? Maybe it's still active in other states or cities but it sure as hell isn't happening here. I think there should be weekly R.g. meetings every week in every city in every state in every country. This planet is still majorly fucked up and who better to change it than us girls?

Nothing else has inspired me like Riot Grrrl has. It has opened my eyes to so much and let me know

an organization like Riot Grrrl, so do alot of other girls. Why do I feel like it died before I ever got to be a real part of it? I'm going to do everthing in my power to get to a RG convetion this summer and maybe actually seeing what really goes on will change my mind. Who knows? It's something I have to experience for myself.

And I'm sitting here wondering what you think of me and will I get a bunch of letters telling me that I'm naive? Actually I'd like to hear all yr opinions on this subject, so write me and give me yr input.

One last thing, and this is probably totally off the subject, but concerning that whole "riot grrrl/feminist=manhate" crap I just want to say that becoming a feminist did not cause me to hate the male race. It's opened my eyes to a lot of things I'd never thought of before becuz I didn't even know they existed and it's made me more aware of my surroundings and the way people think women should be, act, and think. I do have some manhate in me and yeah I know that not all men are rapists and molesters and not all of them call girls bitches but not a day goes by when I don't hear a blonde joke or a "show yr tits" type of comment or read about another girl who was killed/raped/molested or see it on the news or see a boy with a shirt that says "get down on your knees". Not a single fucken day. Abortion clinics are bombed and a woman is beaten every 15 seconds and Rush Limbaugh is on the radio talking about how kids are turning to drugs because their mothers are working and this rage this fear this disgust this HATE is for a reason and I have every right to feel this way. Some say that it's our fault for LETTING

IT HAPPEN for not fighting back and I do agree w/ that to a certain extent but it's not our responsibility to teach men not to be sexist. They offer self defense classes and sell mace and teach us how not to be a victim and while that's all great there is nothing being done to TEACH MEN NOT TO ATTACK/RAPE US. Why dont they start at the source, instead of teaching us how to defend ourselves why dont they teach them not to hurt us in the first place so we dont have to worry about the guy in the parking lot and we dont have to be constantly looking over our shoulders?

I've completely changed the subject but I'm just writing it as it comes in my head.

~Talulah

scribble

a zine

begun and

finished



it's all about pulltoys  
and plastik boys. saddle-  
sore gerls, liars, and  
beauty kings. a journal  
entry about a dumb boy crush  
on travis.....4 dollars ppd

write JOLIE QUEST.  
to: 728 north union  
union city in 47390

on one

cold january night contradictions on

being a queer punk girl who sometimes doesn't

feel queer, punk, or girlish

a dollar and two stamps

maddy

2208 north 72nd street  
wauwatosa, wi 53213 u\$A

everything you ever wanted to know

about me

and more!

CUTIEPIE!!!

send your love  
/cookies

(and if you could \$1 and/or stamps)

rejected by  
the punk hierarchy

WE AREN'T THE WORLD #8 / \$1 ppd  
8 1/2 x 11 - 8000 - 24 pgs



Destroy the Evidence

issue one features an  
interview with the  
third sex, rants &  
more. \*one dollar &  
postage\*  
4509 aquila ave.n.  
new hope, mn. 55428

Sick of the same old poop??

FLASHPOINT zine issue one  
Enough Religion To Make Us Hate  
Not Enough To Make Us Love  
a zine about corrupt religions  
and their abuse of power

☆ FLASHPOINT ☆



Shannon Colebank 62 pages letter size  
FLASHPOINT zine three dollars US cash  
POBx 5591 postage paid world wide  
Portland OR 97228 USA

bitch dyke whore



"i will resist  
with every inch  
and every breath.  
i will resist this  
psychic death."  
-bikini kill

lisa  
tesc  
d303a  
4327 indian pipe loop  
olympia, wa 98505

trade/\$1+2 stamps





"I dont hate myself, as a general rule. I'd say the best way to describe it is that i have moments of self-loathing at fairly regular intervals."  
-Jaheane Garafalo

YOU CAN'T CURE A  
HEARTACHE WITH A  
BANDAGE.

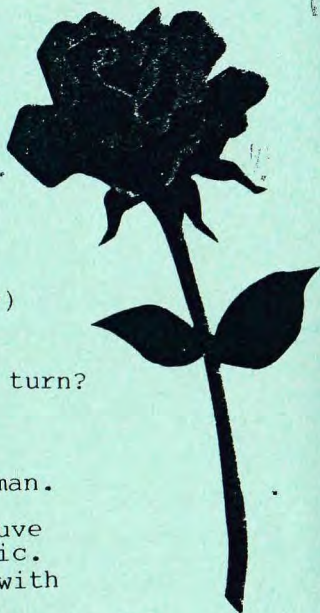
You dont know happiness until you know pain



"I think that people who cant believe in faeries arent worth knowing. I just think that alternate realities make you a good writer. If yr work is more than one dimension you believe in faeries. Im sure i'll start thinking how about all the people i know who dont believe that i quite like. We can still go have a pint. Not the Chardannay tho." -Tori Amos

"The ladies room is a secret society and when those lipsticks come out its the heaviest artillery in the world- the guys have no idea what theyre in for" -Tori

ABSENCE MAKES THE  
HEART GROW FONDER,  
BUT IT SURE MAKES THE  
REST OF YOU LONELY.



"We're not here to FUCK the band-

We ARE the band" -Corin Tucker  
(Sleater-Kinney)

When you choke a smurf,

what colour does it turn?

"What girls do to each other is beyond description. No Chinese torture comes close" -Tori

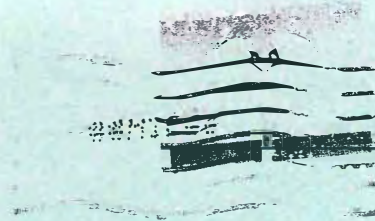
We are born God. We grow human.

"If you buy into the fame trip then youve really lost sight of why yr making music. Fame has got to be a sideline. It goes with the territory & once u understand that its a bit like mosquitos. If yr gonna live in the wilderness theres going to be mosquitos" -Tori





The Veneer Cysters  
16737 Flanders St.  
Granada Hills, Ca 91344



To: Jolie

EVEN IF YOUR LITTLE  
RED-HAIRED GIRL  
LAUGHS RIGHT IN YOUR  
FACE, AT LEAST  
YOU'LL BE NEAR HER!



REMEMBER: OUR FOUNDING  
FATHERS COULD NOT HAVE  
BEEN FOUNDING FATHERS  
WITHOUT FOUNDING MOTHERS!

WHEN THINGS GET DARKEST,  
YOU CAN STILL  
SEE THE STARS.

